

which triumphed in the enactment of the ordinance of 1787. Thomas Jefferson, who *promoted* and secured its passage through the Continental Congress! All the distinguished and patriotic men who that year represented the slaveholding states in that body, without a solitary exception. Who gave the measure its official sanction, by approving a bill to carry it into effect, under the new government? George Washington. Within the last sixty years, and to 1838, the same enactment has been again and again repeated, with the general concurrence of the southern members and often through their particular instrumentality. A full fifth of the states of the Union has been organized as territories under its restrictions. In respect to Ohio—the oldest of them, conformity to this principle in the ordinance of '87, was required, even in the State constitutions of Georgia and Alabama, a bill giving to the ordinance this application was reported by a committee, which William B. Giles, of Virginia, was chairman, and John Rutledge, of South Carolina, a member. It was passed in the Senate by a vote of sixteen to five, and among

I must not, however, be understood, either by what I now say, or by what was said in my letter to the New York Delegation

that consideration would, with me, be no objection to the measure. From a report of the Committee on public lands, which has lately been forwarded to me, it appears that the sales of the public lands have been pledged to the public creditors for one of the loans of the last year. If this is so, Congress will, without doubt, if any plan for the free gift of any portions of the public lands to actual settlers, should hereafter find favor in their eyes, see that the objection arising

Who does not rejoice to see kingdoms and thrones falling, animated by the cheering hope that they are to give place eventually to a better order of things. And if America has not a kingdom and a throne to sacrifice it has a "Glorious Union," for which there is at least as much as a "barley-cake," somewhere in God's government, prepared or preparing to be tumbled into its text to overturn it that it shall lay all along. To accomplish this object, you are laboring, making the barley cake or collecting material for it. Be encouraged and toil on, and cease not your efforts, for, Sayres, Drayton and English are in prison demanding your sympathies and labor, and the signing of the petition in this Christiana station. Good-

H. W. CURTIS,
LUCINA CURTIS,
EMILY PHELPS,
THERESA CORNELL,
J. A. SEVERANCE,
Salem, August, 18, 1916

Again referring to the platform, he says: "The sixth resolution embraces the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia and I observed in its generality of expression, in respect to the time when, and circumstances under which, it was the opinion of the Convention that it should be abolished, which has not been usual on the part of the friends of immediate action. Most fleeting and philanthropic minds live in the hope that they will one day see slavery

lished, not only in that District, but in the States also, in the latter through the agency of the State governments, to whom the Constitution wisely leaves exclusive power in the matter, and in the former by Congress. I may be mistaken, but I think I see in the guarded language of the resolution, evidence of an apprehension, on the part of the Convention, at least, existed among its members, upon the point referred to, and of an enlightened and truly patriotic resolve, not to suffer that circumstance, if it existed, to weaken the moral power of their unanimity on the great question which had brought them together."

Yes, in common with other men of "reflecting and philanthropic minds," he hopes to see slavery abolished in the District some time—but when? He is opposed to having it abolished there at present, and of course is bound in honor to see his influence to prevent it. We confess that in regard to abolition in the District, we can see but little difference between Martin Van Buren, the Democratic candidate of 1836, and Martin Van Buren, the Free Soil nominee of 1848. He is now, and always has been, opposed to its abolition there; but at any time when he was President, he would have signed a bill having this object in view had the slaveholding States consented to it; but now, circumstances being different, he would not feel at liberty to veto such a bill after it had been approved by both Houses of Congress, and why? "Because, upon a question of expediency, circumstances must control." But if circumstances change, if they become such that the subversion of the government is no longer threatened by the slave power, but if, on the other hand, abolition in the District foreshadows servile war, would he then not act as he was pledged to act in 1836? We infer so from the general tenor of his letter, from the "spirit of considerate forbearance" he so pointedly inculcates, and more than all, from the fact that he regards the abolition of American Slavery in the National Capital as but a question of expediency! Read the following passage and say whether we have judged him harshly.

"I must not, however, be understood, either by what I now say, or by what was said in my letter to the New York delegation at Utica, as repeating the declaration that I would, if elected, withhold my approval from a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District. I could not now give any such assurance, for the reason that circumstances by which the question is now surrounded, are widely and materially different from what they were when the declaration was made; and because, upon a question of expediency, circumstances must control. At that time, the apprehension was honestly entertained, that there was danger of a servile war, in consequence of the extent to which the agitation of this question had been pressed. Participating in this apprehension, and believing that such a declaration, in advance of any action of Congress upon the subject, would have a salutary influence in allaying excitement and warding off the danger which menaced the peace of the slaveholding States, I did not hesitate to make it."

We regard the policy which the North has pursued toward the South from the first moment of the organization of the States under a common constitution, as disgraceful to men who profess to love freedom, as treacherous to the cause of the slave, and destitute of self-respect. The North has ever manifested a cringing, fawning policy that is utterly abominable; and among the loudest denunciations of that policy has been Liberty party. Van Buren, however, appears to regard the policy of Northern Statesmen in relation to slavery as admirable, always excepting, of course, the few fanatics from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Ohio, who have occasionally lost sight of "the spirit of conciliation, and mutual forbearance in speech and action." He says:

"I have spoken in a former part of this letter, of the three leading features of the policy in regard to slavery, adopted by the Fathers of the Republic. History, if true, must record the fact that the North has hitherto faithfully sustained her part, in the maintenance of this policy, and in none more so than in that which inculcates forbearance on the point now referred to. I wish to see the forbearance which has so long characterized her conduct in this matter, still further continued. Approving of the platform which the convention has adopted, and conscious, from my impressions of right and duty in regard to it, that I shall be among the last to abandon it, I prefer not to connect our efforts to sustain it, with an issue which all must admit to be in some degree at least, affected by indifferent considerations."

There are many other points in this letter of acceptance which we should like to notice had we time and space, but we make one other extract suffice, trusting that our readers will carefully examine the entire document. It will be seen that Van Buren recognizes fully and unequivocally the pro-slavery character of the constitution, which, if elected, he will swear to support. This is doubtless the estimate in which the nominating convention also held that document, though some would fain make it appear that "inasmuch as that body resolved that the framers of the Constitution expressly denied the power of the government to deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due legal process, it thereby asserted by implication that the Constitution was anti-slavery." Speaking of the rights of the Southerner, he says:

"If his slave runs away and enters one of the non-slaveholding States, he does not thereby become free, but shall be delivered up to the claim of the person entitled to his services. But this is not in consequence of the recognition of the right of property in such person notwithstanding the State laws, but in virtue of an express article in the Con-

stitution which constitutes one of its compromises upon the subject of slavery."

Such is the anti-slavery character of the nominee of the Free Soil party. His views may be sufficiently liberal and comprehensive for that movement as it is really constituted, though it is possible a better man, though probably not a more available candidate might have been selected. We honor the Whig and Democrat who leave their old parties, sacrificing their long cherished predilections, and taking what is to them an advance position; but the professed abolitionist, who for availability supports Martin Van Buren, and to catch anti-slavery votes pretends that his candidate is anti-slavery, while in his inmost soul he knows that he is not if he knows anything about him; such, a one, we say, is a betrayer of the bondman's cause. We thought it possible that when Liberty party men so confidently asserted that Martin Van Buren was anti-slavery, that he might have changed—that such might be the fact; but we challenge them to point to a single principle in relation to slavery which he now holds, that he did not entertain when he occupied the Presidential chair, or a single measure which he now approves, that would not then have received his hearty support. With the single exception, perhaps of non-extension, and this he would be the last to uphold if he believed it would be a reproach to the South or be the means of her degradation. So far as we can read the spirit of the man in the language of his letter, there is no act (in relation to slavery) in his administration he condemns; and should we assert that he would refuse to sign a bill paying the claimants of the Amistad captives the market value of their lost prey, it would be solely because of our hope, and not because we can draw such inference from his condemnation of past acts which were quite as atrocious, and for which he has manifested no repentance.

A few words more and we conclude this unavoidably long article. The corrupting influence of politics is visibly written upon the history of Liberty party for the last four years. Had the members of that party been asked in 1844 to forsake James G. Birney and concentrate their votes upon one who occupied the position of the Free Soil nominee, they would have regarded it as an insult and treated it with contempt, or perchance have each replied as one of old did "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Since then they have made "Availability" their watch word; they have not been made king over Syria, but they sought for power, and to obtain it lowered their standard and nominated John P. Hale, and to obtain yet more, they again lowered their standard and forsawd Hale for Van Buren. They forsawd their anti-slavery principles, gave the lie to their anti-slavery professions in order to gain votes, and where are they? The scattered remnants are lauding this letter of acceptance as being a noble document, just what is needed, just what was expected. They have so stultified themselves that their moral vision is darkened, so that they can neither see the force of a principle when it is presented, nor when it is absent realize the fact. It is true there are at present some who are not altogether satisfied with Van Buren's letter, but they soon will be—or the most of them—for having once entered upon the downward road of compromise they will continue to progress therein, unless they change their entire characters and cease to be politicians.

So far as the advocates of the Free Soil movement claim that its primary object is to prevent the extension of slavery and incidentally do whatever other work the "platform" declares is within its province, we have no controversy with them, but on the contrary, wish them all the success they deserve; and such is the position of the great mass of the party. But we have a controversy with those who falsely pretend that the movement is a genuine anti-slavery movement, and shall ever hold ourselves ready to show the groundlessness of the claim set up by these Liberty party bolters. The game they are now playing is not a new one. Two years since, in order to justify their action under the constitution, they endeavored to prove that that document was anti-slavery. This answered their purpose for a time, but they have now abandoned that ground and identified themselves with the Free Soil party; to justify this movement—to prove that they must necessarily be right, wherever they are, they lustily proclaim that the Free Soil movement is undiluted abolitionism, the very quintessence of anti-slavery.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WESTERN PEACE SOCIETY.—It will be seen by a notice in another column that the annual meeting of the Western Peace Society, will be held this year at Richfield. We trust the meeting will be large—we are confident it will prove interesting.

AN ADDRESS which will be found among our communications we insert with a hope that others may thereby be prompted to follow the good example of the friends who issue it. The cause needs at this time active, energetic laborers. Can they be had?

GEN. SHIELDS having declined the office of Governor of Oregon, the President appointed Gen. Lane of Indiana. Should he also decline, the Executive has plenty of other military men to select from, thanks to the Mexican War.

Take Notice.

The Publishing agent has been directed to strike from the subscription list of the Bugle (after giving them due notice,) the names of all subscribers who are in arrears for two years or more, unless they can give him a satisfactory reason for the non-payment of their dues. We hope such as owe will immediately remit, and thus save the agent the trouble of forwarding them bills, and obviate the necessity of having the further supply of the paper denied them.

P. S. Remittances are also desired from those who owe for less than two years.

A Modern version of an Ancient Text.

J. H. in an article in the "Homestead Journal" of last week advocating the election of Martin Van Buren, uses the following language:—

"How can any one, who entertains proper views of republican sovereignty, excuse himself for not discharging his whole political duty at the ballot box, and more especially now, while the destinies of the Nation are being weighed in a balance, and one grain may turn the great balance beam, that is now rocking upon its fulcrum—rocking for liberty or slavery? God will not hold us guiltless, when he shall summon us to appear before him, at the end of our brief journey here below. Our modesty, our weakness, our false philosophy, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, 'we were nothing; we could do nothing; inasmuch as we had tied our own hands by unjustifiable and wicked appliances, nor yet to say we have too little influence. One vote will not be missed in the great whole—I am but a grain of sand. He will say to us, I placed before you in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed: in one was Liberty, and in the other Slavery. You were but a unit, or a grain of sand, no doubt; but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on the side of freedom; you had intelligence to see, and a conscience to decide; but your withholding your weight has not been of any use to either you or your brethren. Therefore inasmuch as ye did it not, the consequences I will require at your hands.'"

We experienced the same kind of feeling when reading this, as when we see a sublime poem degraded by a miserable parody—only more so.

"I was unhungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked, and ye clothed me not; a stranger, and ye took me not in; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." This simple but forcible language portrays the christian's neglected duty, upon which a fearful woe is denounced. Compare this with the modern version we have quoted, and how ludicrous the latter appears, and how terrible the sentence:—Inasmuch as ye did not swear to sustain a pro-slavery Constitution; inasmuch as ye did not promise to deliver up the fugitive slave; inasmuch as ye did not consent to crush the insurgent bondman; inasmuch as ye did not vote for Martin Van Buren, "the consequences I will require at your hands!"

The fact is, the passage quoted is very much like political claptrap, and we shall probably continue to regard it as such, so long as we remember the unretreated declaration of J. H. that no christian can support the U. States Constitution.

MEETINGS IN CRAWFORD CO.—H. W. Curtis, and J. W. Walker, designed visiting Crawford Co. Pa. on an anti-slavery mission; the latter, however, having been taken sick on the way there, the former will proceed alone. We hope though that the friends in that section will not suffer him to feel that he is alone in their midst; but will aid him in his labors, and certify to the Western A. S. Society which he represents, by substantial tokens, their appreciation of his services. Are there not abolitionists enough there who are able and willing, not only to sustain him while laboring there, but to furnish the society with means to send their agents into less liberal communities? We hope to hear a good report of Crawford county.

"THE PRISONER'S FRIEND."—This interesting weekly, which is the only paper that is wholly devoted to the abolition of the gallows, and to prison reform, will hereafter be issued monthly, each number containing 48 pages of reading matter and one engraving. This change will furnish the subscribers with about the same amount and as great a variety of matter, in a form more suitable for binding. We do not know but the friends of prison reform in the West patronize this paper; if they do not, they lose an interesting and valuable journal. It is published in Boston, and edited by Charles Spear. The price will be the same as heretofore, \$2 per annum.

SENTENCE OF THE PEARL PRISONER.—Drayton has been sentenced to the penitentiary at hard labor for twenty years—ten on each offence of which he was convicted:—Sayers, to a fine of \$11,100 and costs—\$150 for each of the seventy-four cases, besides costs on each. This is American Justice—the reward humanity meets at the hands of American Christianity.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—The "Pittsburgh Gazette" says there is a good opening in Salem for a Taylor paper. If there is such an opening here, it is such a one as an earthquake would be likely to make, exceedingly uncomfortable to all who happen to slip into it. We must send the Gazette a copy of the Dog placard.

A Pious Fraud.

The "Methodist Episcopal" referring to a prediction made by some one in Virginia, that fifty years from the time of the repeal of a certain law there, there would not be a Bible in the United States, says,

"By a very strange coincidence, it so happened, that in just fifty years from that time, the American Bible Society announced that every family in the United States was furnished with a Bible."

The italicizing is not ours, but was done by the paper from which we quote, the assertion not being sufficiently emphatic without it. If the American Bible Society ever made such an announcement, it was guilty of the grossest falsehood; for not only are there hundreds of thousands of families in the United States without the Bible, but that Society, nor any other, has ever made an attempt to furnish it to the families referred to. The American Bible Society may send the Bible to China, but it dare not send it to the plantation hands of South Carolina; it may tell that the heathen of India are destitute of it and urge the duty of giving them the scriptures, but it dare not say as much of the slaves of Georgia, who are as destitute as any other heathen.

Such "Pious Frauds" are utterly contemptible; and those who invent them, or give currency to them knowing their character, should be held up to the scorn of every lover of Truth as religious liars.

"NO UNION WITH ABOLITIONISTS."—The "Cincinnati Herald," speaking of the debate in the Senate on the Oregon bill, says:

"Mr. Foote further stated that if Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Adams were elected, Southern men would not consent to sit and legislate under their government."

Such action would be no matter for surprise provided the administration of Van Buren was anti-slavery as some have expected it to be. It would be but the practical adoption of the converse of the doctrine of the American A. S. Society—it would be "No union with Abolitionists." If the premises which the South has laid down in regard to the rightfulness of slavery is worth defending, then a refusal to unite with those who believe it wrong and seek to abolish it, is the proper course; and it is equally proper for abolitionists to refuse a like political union with slaveholders. The idea that men who hate slavery, can sit down and legislate with menstealers, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, is an absurdity that none but pro-slavery democrats could ever have invented; and it would not be tolerated for a single instant, had not our fathers stupidly (or wickedly) resolved to venture upon the untried experiment, and left it yet more stupid (or wicked) posterity to repeat it after it had been fully tested and found destructive to every principle which men and Christians are bound to cherish.

ANOTHER "WORD OF EXPLANATION."—Dr. Bailey as editor of the Era, is as unfortunate in his allusions to Gen. Taylor as when he conducted the "Cincinnati Herald." The following extract from his paper will show how exceedingly cautious he must be in his reference to "that noble officer," as he called him in the Herald.

BALTIMORE, August 11, 1848.

Sir—Looking over my papers this morning, I was forcibly struck with your saying that Mr. Smith was too honest to remain editor of the Hartford Courant, a Taylor paper. Sir, I like to see Free Soil papers anywhere, but be hanged if I like you to speak so disrespectfully of the noble General Taylor.

Yours in heart,
J. K. T. (one of your subscribers.)
G. Bailey, Junr.

Well—we say nothing about General Taylor—but "one of our subscribers" must understand us. We meant that Mr. Smith, having become convinced that General Taylor ought not to be supported for the Presidency, was too honest to continue editor of the Hartford Courant, a paper devoted to Taylor—in other words, too honest to think one way, and speak another.

A SIGN.—A thousand little things show an increase of anti-slavery feeling in the land; and when a Democratic paper tries to make Cass seem a little tainted with it, it depends upon it the pressure must be powerful. The "Ohio Republican," (Youngstown) comes to us with the following conspicuously displayed as a motto:

"We are no slaveholders. We never have been. We never shall be. We deprecate its existence in principle, and pray for its abolition everywhere, where this can be effected justly and peaceably and easily for both parties."—Gen. Cass.

YET ANOTHER.—Gen. Taylor has written another letter, dated July 24th, in which he says, "I am not a party Candidate." Cold comfort that, for Taylor Whigs.

A Philadelphia magistrate has decided that it is no violation of the Sabbath law for a barber to shave a man on Sunday—the operation; it is presumed being a work of necessity, if not of mercy.

The factories at Lowell make of woolen and cotton goods two hundred miles per day! The largest corporation employs 2,248 hands, and consumes weekly 70,000 lbs. of cotton.

Steamboats are running on the North River, 166 miles at the rate of 22 miles an hour.

General Items.

The number of Licenses granted in New York city to put an enemy into men's mouths to steal away their brains, is 8782—being about three hundred more than was ever before granted.

A fire at Constantinople, which broke on the 17th. of June, destroyed about fifteen hundred houses.

The Texas Star says, that a million of mummies have been discovered in Mexico and intimates that the ancestors of the Montezumas were descendants of Egypt.

In Pennsylvania any person who bets on the Presidential election, thereby loses his vote—so, at least, says the law, whether public opinion will make it operative, remains to be seen.

There is a field of corn a short distance below Cincinnati, which contains sixteen thousand acres—so says an exchange paper.

It is said that \$15,000,000 is annually spent in London for intoxicating drinks.

De Bow's "Commercial Review" says that there were 1,500,000 hogs slaughtered in the West during 1847-48.

A Depot is now being constructed for the Boston and Albany railroad which will cost \$100,000. Its size is 750 feet by 133.

"La Presse," a Paris Journal, had before the revolution a circulation of from 30,000 to 40,000; since then it has "shot up" to over 100,000. The publishers cannot issue it fast enough to supply their subscribers in a reasonable time.

There are 32,000 persons in the United States who are insane—so says a memorial of Miss Dix to Congress, in which she asks an appropriation of public lands for the purpose of erecting and supporting Insane Asylums.

The "New Jersey Medical Reporter" tells of a young woman whose heart is placed on the wrong side of her body. If we may judge by what transpires around us, we should infer there were very many whose hearts, by some mischance had got in the wrong place.

The greatest ascertained depth of the ocean, is five miles and a quarter.

Later from Ireland.

New York, Aug. 26—3 P. M.
The Britannia arrived this forenoon at 9 o'clock.

Affairs in Ireland have not materially changed, though every day seems to lessen the prospect of any serious outbreak. Smith O'Brien was arrested on Saturday last at the Railroad station at Thules, whilst in the act of procuring a ticket for Limerick, where it is said he intended to take refuge among his friends. Immediately after his arrest he was marched to Bridewell, and subsequently conveyed to Dublin and lodged in jail. He is said to have expressed himself satisfied with the hopelessness of accomplishing his object, and he was induced to leave his retreat in the mountains because the farther he went the more the people seemed to fear. He went to be cheerful and his wife and other friends are permitted to visit him, and converse with him in the presence of the jail authorities.

MEETING AT GREEN VILLAGE.

Isaac Treacott and other speakers will attend an Anti-Slavery meeting at Green Village next Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Friends of Peace.
The anniversary of the Western Peace Society, will be held at Richfield Summit Co. on the 14th & 15th of October next at 10 o'clock A. M.

It is hoped that the friends of peace and universal Brotherhood, will feel the importance of attendance at this meeting. The world and the Church still worship at the shrine of bloody Mars, they still pay homage to the warrior and destroyer. It is for you to say whether they shall do so in ignorance, whether the light of the Gospel of God shall shine upon their souls.

HENRY C. WRIGHT and other speakers will be present on the occasion.
J. W. WALKER, Pres't.
P. S. Will the friends at Richfield make the necessary arrangements.

AT RANDOLPH PORTAGE CO.

A meeting will be held on the 24th of Sept. at half past 2 o'clock P. M., (in the Dispensary or Campbellite church, if it can be had) to investigate the subjects of Education and moral training. The meeting will be addressed by J. Newton Pierce and John L. Taylor. All parents and teachers are particularly requested to attend.

Peace Meetings.

H. C. WRIGHT will hold Peace meeting at
Youngstown, 20th and 21st of Sept.
Canfield, 22d and 23rd "
Poland, 24th "

The meeting at Poland will commence at 2 o'clock P. M., the others will commence in the evening.

He will also hold meetings at
Hawley's grove, Salem, the 26th, of Sept.
Carmel, Middleton t. p. 27th "
Frost's Meeting House, 28th "
Alexandria, 29th "
Fairmount, Stark co, 30th "
Berlin, 1st Oct.

The meetings at Salem, Carmel and Fairmount commence at 10 o'clock A. M., the others at 2 o'clock P. M.

The meeting at Salem is designed to be a children's picnic, and the aim of the lecturer will be, to teach children to live together

in peace and promote each others welfare.—Parents are expected to accompany their little ones and provide such refreshments for the occasion as they may think proper.

Books! Books!

An assortment of Anti-Slavery and some other reformatory books can be obtained at the meetings of Wright and Burleigh. Among the rest

DICK CROWNSHIELD,
THE ABOLITIONIST,
AND ZACHARY TAYLOR,
THE SOLDIER.
The Difference between them.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

can be had. This Tract should be scattered broadcast over the country, as well as many other Books and Tracts comprising the assortment.

IMPORTANT NATIONAL WORKS IN PRESS.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.
Presidents Messages.

Two handsome volumes, 8 vo—the whole collected from official documents, by K. WILLIAMS, Esq.

CONTENTS.

1. The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Polk; of subjects, names and dates.
2. An account of the inauguration of each President, and a brief notice of the principal political events of his administration.
3. Biographical sketch of each President.
4. Declaration of Independence.
5. Articles of confederation, with a brief history of the events and circumstances which led to the Union of the States, and the formation of the Constitution.
6. Constitution of the United States with notes and references.
7. Synopsis of the Constitutions of the several States.
8. Chronological table of historical events in the United States.
9. Tables of the members of the Cabinets of all the various Administrations. Ministers to foreign countries; and other principal public officers.
10. Statistical tables of Commerce and Population.
11. With portraits of the President's and seals of the 26 States.

This work is indispensable to the American Statesman and every lover of his country, forming as it does an unbroken link of history of this great Republic.

WANTED.—In every town and village in the United States, responsible men to procure subscribers and engage in the sale of the above works, to whom a very liberal percentage will be allowed.
Country Newspapers copying the whole of this advertisement, and giving it six inside insertions, shall be entitled to the above work—all who may comply with the above terms, will please send a copy of the paper each time of insertion to the publisher.

Address,
E. WALKER,
144 Fulton street, New York.

FRUIT TREES.

The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms, at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 12 miles north-west of Salem.

ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.
August 11, 1848.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woolen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.
ROBERT HINSHILL WOOD,
Green street, Salem.
June 16th, 1848. 6m—148

MORE NEW BOOKS.

Just received from New York and Philadelphia, among a great variety of school and miscellaneous books,

Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Keightley's History of England; a New and Superior work, in two vols.

Baldwin's Pronouncing Gazetteer.

Bollo's Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary.

Wood and Bahe's U. S. Dispensary.

Davis's Revelations, "the Most Remarkable Book of the Age," &c., &c.

Blank Books of every description.

Paperies of all kinds, such as lined, edged, gilt, and embossed note papers, fancy envelopes, motto papers, visiting cards, perforated board, perforated card, &c. Flow cap and post paper, pens, ink, pencils. Paints (toy and fine.) Crayons, drawing pencils, drawing paper, tissue paper. In short, a complete assortment of stationery.

All for sale low at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

June 18th, 1848.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WEAVERS & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS

Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.

No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati.

January, 1848.

POETRY.

From the Democratic Review.

Gone!

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Gone before
To that unseen and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning!"

LAMB.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angle steps,
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our youth and gentle friend whose smile,
Made brighter summer hours,
Amidst the frost of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No pallor of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star;
Clear, suddenly and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the sky,
And like the brook's low song her voice,
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps fell,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn,
And by the heart-felt light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good Night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she, who trembling, here
Disturbed all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

Be Always Giving.

The sun gives over; so the earth—
What it can give so much 'tis worth.
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives baths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So too, the air, it gives us breath.
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living;
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheaped,
Only by giving it is reaped;
The body withers and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds,
Give love, give tears, give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living;
The more we give,
The more we live.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mysteries of a Mail-Bag.

How heedlessly, and thoughtlessly, the world goes jostling along. Every soul among us is wrapped up in a maze of its own duties and schemes, its repining at misfortune, plans for success, and strife with fate. Now and then society gets a shock, by some strange and stirring event that starts the whole mass of its bee-like routine of toil and care for itself—but it must be something very momentous and marvellous, something imposing, wonderful, horrible, vast, to arrest very particular attention.

All society is changing. Each state is but a chrysalis, out of which a new and different being springs. In the good old times of our fathers, this was a very orderly, regular, quiet existence—at least compared with ours—and so to generations following us, this "burly-burly" age will seem a very wild, boisterous, lifeless affair. People formerly died in routine, with orderly regularity and propriety; and the sudden demise of half a dozen people, was perfectly astounding. But now, by the superior facilities of steam, we slaughter them by scores; and a hundred or two human beings are sent into eternity by a single rotten boiler, and the most that people condescend to give of notice or regard to the event, is the hasty perusal of two or three newspaper paragraphs, reciting the particulars, with every possible adornment of the horrible and shocking to give it spice and relish. Trade and its events are now upon an equally advanced grade of magnitude and marvel. We are up at one moment, and down the next. The country flourishes one year, and wholesale ruin sweeps along immediately after. We are now at peace, and anon at war; at one time boast lustily of owing no debt, and in a few years are deeper in debt than ever. Every thing, whether great or small, is done upon the large scale, and nobody wonders, for all expect it, because it is "a way we have."

As we have said, every body is busy with

himself. He has so many irons in the fire, so many fish to fry, and so much fat spilled out, that he has scarce a moment to take a full breath, much less to look around and see what sort of a world he is in, and what is going on all about, and every where. True, we have philosophers—grave men, of thin visages, tall complexions, and sunken eyes, who are vastly profound and learned in many abstruse matters, the mazes whereof they cannot fathom, and wherein they flounder and toss, learning nothing and teaching nothing that is true, or valuable, or useful—but then they are wise men, and serve a convenient purpose in their way. They fancy they are taking the flux of events, and weaving it into the strong cord of history, by the skill of metaphysical art; but, alas! they are blind—their backs are to the sun—they see nothing—and so all the world is blind—except the newspaper man. He sees this, knows all these wonders, and cooks up the right dishes, if the world only knew it.

Of all the story books about, in which man might read the world and the age, at a glance, give us the contents of a mail-bag. That is the true camera, in which the vast turmoil of this Babel world is quietly typed and sketched out, to be read, pondered, and inwardly digested, at your ease. It is the place where the moral and political earthquakes which shake nations, and shatter governments, and heave up constitutions, and send forth rivers of blood, and whirlwinds of fury, and fierce passions over the world, are brought into the same focus with the peaceful march of industry, the warm light of spreading intelligence, the up-springing of religion and pure morals, the cares of men in power, the hopes of the humble in life, the schemes of wily politicians, and the throbbings of young hearts glowing with innocence and love. Each little package so strongly sealed and put away in the mail-bag, is a history in miniature, picturing out some great place in society.

Here is the mail-bag. Let us open it.—This package, with formidable seals, is a ministerial document. It announces that all Europe is shaken, and the venerable frames of old dynasties are fallen to ruins. The present has become, already, a far away past, and a future of wonders is opening. Here is another, and this tells of our own wars; of the frightful waste of life, and ruinous loss of treasure—of sorrow to peaceful hearths, and affectionate hearts, and heavy burdens accumulating upon the silly people's backs. Here is a politician's letter, marked "confidential," telling his plans to his brother plotters, for wheedling the people and securing offices. This is a merchant's letter transmitting thousands—and here is another, announcing his ruin and bankruptcy. Here is a document from abroad—a traveller's story, so eagerly waited for at home.

And this uncouth thing—it is a note from a villain to his brother robber, telling of some successful plundering; and along side of it lies the police officer's warning to his cronies of the craft which is to catch both rogues, and tie them up in granite walls. Here is a husband's letter—and there is a long and affectionate one from a wife. Here is an awkward scrawl—a little school boy's first essay at letter writing, uncouth enough; but a very jewel to his dotting mother. He stumbles over his "hooks and trowsers" now, but he is to shake nations with his pen, and arouse senators with his eloquence. And what is this near, and very nice letter, so delicately and carefully directed? A love letter, glowing with all those strong, earnest words of endearment and quenchless passion, in which a woman delights to pour out her soul to the object of its adoration. She is young, ardent, in the pride of beauty and wide open to love. A score of years more, and I see her wrinkled, yellow, in a mob cap, with spectacles on, quarrelling with Betty the maid, for cracking a saucer belonging to her favorite tea set. And so it is, in the mail-bag. All the world, and all that is thinking, doing, hoping, fearing, in all its wide and busy ports, coves, grouped together, duly labelled, sorted and arranged to be scattered from Constantinople to "away down East," in the mail-bag. Good reader, if you cannot spare time to study the world around you in the gross, take a short cut into the marrow of the business, by getting a clairvoyant peep into the "Mysteries of a Mail-Bag."—It tells the whole story.—*Am. Cabinet.*

The Bay State and Connecticut Tin Pedlars.

"One day," said the Bay State pedlar, "as I was driving along, a fellow with a load of tin came out of a by-road, and followed right along in my tracks. 'Mister,' says I, 'which way are you going?'"

"Going ahead!—don't you see?" says he.

"Yes," says I; "I reckon you had better take different roads, else only one of us will sell any tin—what say you?"

"Yes, we will. You may go ahead and sell all you can, and then I'll sell as much again as you."

"Why, will you sell so much cheaper?"

"No—I'll get more for every article."

"Well, I don't see how you can do that."

"Try it, and I'll show you. I'll stop here while you drive to that house yonder, and sell all you can. Start on your team a little, and then come back for your whip or something you have dropped, and you can see how I sell."

"Well," said I, so I drove up to the house and went in, and spoke to the old gentleman, who was reading the newspaper. "How do you do?" says I, but he didn't mind nothing about me.

"Wasn't to buy any tin pans, or pails, or cups, or anything?"

"No."

"I'll sell cheap, and take almost any thing in pay."

"Don't want none."

"But just look at my lot; it is the complete set you ever saw."

"Don't want it."

"Well, I really wish I could sell you something. You really think you can't buy?"

"No, don't want nothing."

"So I went out and started on my horse."

"Whoa," says I, "now I'll see what that Connecticut fellow can do." So I walks back to the house. "I didn't leave my whip here, did I?"

"Heist seen it," said the old man, keeping on reading advertisements. Then the Connecticut fellow came in—

"How far is it to a tavern?"

"Half a mile," said the old man.

"I'm as dry as a codfish. I'll take some of your water," walking up to a table, and taking up a pewter mug. "Oh," said he, "it

is cider, making believe that he was going to set it down.

"Drink it," said the old man—and he did. "That's royal good cider—you make that for your own use—can't buy such cider as that—if I had a barrel of that in Boston, I'd get five dollars for it. How did you make it?"

"Made it out of apples."

"Did you? Well, they must have been extremely good ones, every one of them fit to make mince pies of. Got a large orchard, haist you, Squire?"

"No."

"First rate, what there is on it then—got a snug house here, too—haven't seen many houses I like as well as this, and I've seen a good many in my day. Real snug house, looking all around as if hunting a stray fly; how many rooms up stairs?"

"Four, and all finished off," said the old woman, who was ironing. On that, he turned right round, and made all his talk to her.

"Four, and all finished off, and furnished! You are thriving like all nature! Got smart girls enough to fill them up?"

"No, only one."

"Well, one good one is enough—better than three or four ordinary ones—how old is she?"

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen—she'll be married before long. I reckon. Not many girls like yours live to be old maids."

"I don't think she'll be an old maid."

"She looks like you, don't she, now? I've heard of her—she's as handsome as a picture—what a handsome setting out you'll give her!"

"Yes, I've got five pair of linen sheets, three coverlets, but I made for her this summer. I mean, if she ever does get married, that she shall have as good a setting out as any body."

"So I would, and you are able to do it—yes, you are able to do it. Now I think of it, I've got a few first rate things that I mean to carry home to somebody, you can guess who (winking). I've been offered more than they were worth, but wouldn't sell them—but I've a mind to let you have them for that girl of yours. I don't know though as I can let 'em go. Betsey will expect them. But come, you may look at them."

"So the old woman put on her specs, and went out with him to his wagon. He dug to the bottom, and hauled out some pans and pails just like those on top."

"Here they are; I kept them stowed away out of sight—the genuine Lafayette tin, come from France. The more you use them the brighter they grow; they never need scouring."

"What is the price of these common ones?" said she, pointing to some just like those he had in his hand.

"Five shillings, and these are ten—the Lafayette tin, cost nine and sixpence; but for that pretty girl's sake that looks so much like you, they say, I'll let you have a few for seven shillings."

"So he went on talking till he sold her more than five dollars' worth of ware, not more as good as mine, and at good deal higher prices."

"When he started," says he, "how much did you sell?"

"None."

"Ah, you didn't come from Connecticut, did you?"

"No, I didn't, says I; and then in a low voice, 'I don't want to, if they all lie as you do.'"

The Yankee Abroad.

BY NOODS.

It is the easiest thing in the world to tell a Yankee, even amidst a crowd of "foreigners"; say, you can not only tell him when you see him, but you can tell where he has been long after he has departed. In fact I could trace one as easily through the thronged streets of London, as I could an ostrich upon the sand; they both leave their mark, the one of his foot, the other of his filth.

The Londoners used to stare without being wiser, at the huge, round, dark speckles on the sidewalk at regular distances. They thought no doubt that somebody had spilt something—some "Elixir Pro," or something of that sort—but we, initiated ones, knew in a moment, when we put our eyes on that fertile cause of wonder to others, that a son of Brother Jonathan had passed along, and that this was an "Americanism," and nothing else. I well remember tracking a Yankee friend from the Bank of England through Chesham, up the strand, from thence to High Holborn—a distance of two miles or more, simply by watching the spittings of tobacco juice on the sidewalk—and when I came to an end of those, I turned boldly into the first door, and lo there was my Yankee, who wondered much how I had succeeded in finding him so easily—and blushed more when I told him—while the English shop-keeper laughed most heartily. I could not only easily trace him, but I could tell just how many quids he enjoyed the while, by the color and quantity of his spittle, and could also tell how long and where he stopped to examine any thing in the window, by the number of puddles thereof.

The English, though given to smoking, scarcely ever chew tobacco, hence their surprise at witnessing the manoeuvres of a Yankee when shut up in a coach, car, or spittoon-less room. I once laughed heartily at the workings of a Yankee friend's countenance, who had forgotten to dislocate his quid before entering a somewhat stylish parlor in Piccadilly, there being neither fire-places or spit-box, and persons constantly talking to him, and the highly impregnated saliva constantly accumulating. "What shall I do?" seemed to be the expression of his face. He unfortunately carried no tobacco-box, or he might have re-deposited the quid and its products, which had already increased to twice the quantum of the original "quid pro quo," and as luck would have it he came off that morning without his pocket handkerchief!

I first perceived that my friend grew restless, fidgeting about on his chair and prying into every corner, in the fond but delusive hope of finding some kind of receptacle for the juice of his darling weed; and soon I saw his face began to turn red and swell out on either side like a toad in a passion. The crisis evidently was near at hand, there was no possible place of deposit in the room; he was up two pairs of stairs, and one more question would produce an eruption, which, from appearance, would equal some of America's best. Our host and hostess (and all the company) saw that their Yankee guest was

"in a fix," but didn't dream of the cause, or else their well-known politeness would have led them to have a stop pail brought in—a common spittoon, supposing they kept such a thing, which is not probable, would not have sufficed now, for the precious extract had been stimulating the salivary glands for so long a time, causing them to disgorge their salivary contents, that the accumulation in the mouth was fearful in the extreme. Fortunately his mouth was large, but there is a point, they say, beyond which even endurance cannot go—that point our much-to-be-pitied-Yankee had now reached. The climax was capped by our fair hostess, who for some time had been noticing his uneasiness, and seeing the redness and swelling of his face thought he was "breaking out" with at least erysipelas, if not the small pox, and who now in her anxiety to know what ailed him, asked him, "where he felt bad?" Now this was a question that could not be put off, as two or three others had been, with a shake of the head; he must speak, and in the attempt to do so, the whole contents of his mouth came spouting out in every direction, some on the light muslin of the lady of the house, some on the piano cover, some considerable on his own shirt and bosom, but the majority went out to the beautiful Brussels carpet, in such a quantity, that the hostess in great alarm cried out, "Oh Heaven! run for the doctor, he's bleeding to death!" I, however, though myself nearly bursting with a desire to laugh, succeeded in calming her fears by a sort of half explanation, while my unfortunate friend, without even a word of adieu, hurried out of the house, cursing his luck and tobacco. It, however, effectually cured him from the disgusting habit, and we have often laughed since at the dilemma caused by his self-imposed embargo.—*Chronotype.*

Experiments in Farming.

The value of science to agriculture is well set forth in the following description of the Experimental Farm of Professor Mapes, in this vicinity, which is furnished the National Intelligencer by a New York correspondent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Science is gradually making its way to the farm-house and lending its powerful and important aid to agricultural pursuits. As an incentive to others to "go and do likewise," I will state very briefly what a practical chemist is now doing in this vicinity in experimental farming. Professor Mapes, for many years past a resident in this city, and well known as a good chemist and scientific man, concluded last fall to turn his attention to agriculture. For this purpose he purchased a small farm of about forty acres in New Jersey, between two and three miles southwest of Newark. He is now in the midst of his first season, and yesterday I went out to his place in company with some of the members of the American Institute, to see what sort of a start he had made in his new pursuit. The result was highly gratifying, and left the impression that this little experimental farm will help to give a valuable stimulus to the agriculture of the country. The base of his soil is principally a disinterested sandstone, with a heavy mixture of clay. The farm had been occupied for some years past by a mechanic, who had paid but little attention to it, and was in a low state of cultivation, thus making it a fair field to test the results of chemical farming.

On our arrival, we were seated awhile in the Professor's snug parlor, where he gave us a general account of the farm, the nature of the soil, the sources and the mode of procuring, preparing, and applying manures, the effects of various chemical action in the soil, and the influence upon the vegetation. In short, it was an admirable chemical lecture applied to agriculture. He then took us over the farm to see what he had done and what he was preparing to do. At the barn we found two yokes of the handsomest and most powerful working oxen I have ever seen.

"Where did you find such cattle?"

"I called a man to my aid who was a first rate judge of animals, and told him to go out and look for them, directing him to bring me two pairs of the best oxen he could find between New York and Bangor, regardless of the expense."

The result was that he brought back these cattle at about \$300 a yoke, "and cheap enough at that," said the Professor. One pair weighed about 3800 pounds. We then went into the field to see them plough, and the ease with which they took the ploughs through the soil seemed more like the work of a powerful steam engine than of animal power. The first yoke cut a furrow sixteen inches in depth. The next followed with the sub-soil plough in the same furrow, cutting and loosening the earth sixteen inches below the first furrow. The Professor says deep ploughing is very important for large crops. Some of the ploughing is thirty-six inches deep. His system of preparing and applying manures is scientific and important, judging from present appearances, he will produce remarkable results. The science of a succession of crops in the same season, without impoverishing the soil, is of vast importance. The Professor says that from a single acre he shall take off this season eight hundred bushels of potatoes, three thousand five hundred cabbages, and six hundred bushels of turnips, which must be worth five or six hundred dollars at the lowest market prices. His crop of cabbages this season he calculates at eighty thousand heads.

He has a new variety of potato, which he calls the nutmeg potato, of which he expects to raise this season eighteen hundred bushels, which will be disposed of for seed at one dollar a bushel. He calculates that he will have a hundred and twenty thousand nutmeg melons for market this season, which certainly ought to average two cents apiece, and at that price they would yield twenty-four hundred dollars. There is on the farm a great variety of other vegetables and crops to which I make no reference.

Unlike most farmers, he does not leave a strip of waste along by the side of his fences, but cultivates every inch snug to the fence. Against each post in the fence he sets out a fruit tree, and midway between the posts a grape vine, which, as it runs and spreads, will rest on the fence. In this way he will soon have three miles of grape vines and fruit on ground which ordinary farmers would let run to waste. He uses his farm like a great machine of wonderful powers, if properly and scientifically handled. He employs upon it about twenty hands, but says in a high state of cultivation it would give employment to eighty.

Women Can't live by Plain Sewing.

"Women can't live by plain sewing in New York," said a feeble mother, whose marred visage betrayed the brooding sorrow that preyed upon her spirits. A young daughter by her side spoke soothingly, but she only answered by the falling tear, and the quickened stroke of her needle.

The furniture in the room—not yet sent to the pawnbroker's, indicated that she had seen better days. Her dress and language bespoke true modesty and intelligence, and we knew enough of her history, and of that too, to make us wish to say to parents, "educate your daughters so that they may earn a living by something besides plain sewing."

"Women can't live by plain sewing in New York." How then are they to live? There are scores and hundreds of widowed mothers who have no other dependence. They wish to keep their children together, preserve them from hunger and nakedness, and more than all, from the basements of vice. They are willing to rise early, sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, to ply the busy needle.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
If they can only live honestly by the work of their hands. But when all efforts fail, and the sickening anguish of despair drinks up the spirits, then is their situation truly pitiable.

An illustration of this sort—fact, not fiction—will exhibit a case in point. A worthy mother, who had long struggled with the reverses of city life, and "wrought as woman can,"—unaided, uncomplaining, but compensated for her unweary toil while blest with filial love and obedience—a mother who had taught her children industry and virtue, and doled much on the eldest, an amiable, deserving daughter, who aided her week in and week out in the support of the family, by making vests at twelve cents a piece—lately called on a friend of ours, weighed down with trouble. She saw above her moral horizon a dark cloud gathering, that threatened to sweep away her cherished hopes, and leave her desolate. She sought advice and aid, but sought it too late. The die was already cast.

Said our informant the tale that mother told was terrible—it was also authenticated by other reliable testimony. The daughter alluded to was unconverted, was intelligent, was aspiring, of fair countenance, and a mark for the tempter. She said they have worked for professionally Christian employers at the prices above named, earning a pittance barely sufficient to support life, and often want stared them in the face. They could have obtained shirt making at from ten to thirty cents, including trimmings, stitched bosoms, &c., but this would have been no gain. After a time the child became restive and heart-sick, her feelings became soured towards her race, and ambition wholly failed. She expressed her skepticism and pained her mother's heart by uttering the belief that "Christians cared less that she should be virtuous than they did to get the profits of her labor." Her mother knew that there were those waiting for her halting, whispering in her ear, "Why toil thus for nothing?" and seeking for opportunities to beguile her with enticing words; and she learned subsequently with surprise and horror, that her daughter's virtue had already paid the price of working at starvation prices.—*Ex. paper.*

The Light of Home.

A pilgrim hastened back from a far country to his home, with heart full of sweet hope; for he had not seen his parents and brothers for many years. Of course he was in much haste. But when on the mountains, night fell around him, and it was so dark that he could not see the staff in his hand.—And when he came down from the mountains into the vale, he lost his way, wandered right and left, and was much perplexed, and sighed out, "O, that some man might meet me, who would guide me out of my error into the right way; how thankful would I be to him." Thus he spoke, and stood still, waiting for a guide.

Whilst the lost pilgrim stood there, full of doubt and disquietude, lo! there glimmered in the distance a light, flitting amid the darkness, and welcome indeed to him was its twinkling in the gloomy night. Blessings upon thee, he exclaimed, thou messenger of peace! thou informant me of the vicinity of human beings. Thy dim glitter seems to me amid the darkness of night as gladsome as the morning dawn.

He hastened with firm step toward the distant light expecting to see some man carrying it. But behold, it was a jack-o'-lantern, which, rising out of the marsh, was flitting over the stagnant pool. He, however, had reached the brink of an abyss, when suddenly he heard a voice behind him crying out: Stop! or you are a child of death! He halted and looked around. It was the voice of a fisherman, calling to him out of his boat. Why, he asked, shall I not follow the friendly light? I am a traveller that has lost his way! Friendly light! said the fisherman. Do you recall the delusive light that allures a traveller to ruin? Infernal wicked powers generate the nightly vapors out of the stagnant marsh, which imitates a glimmer of a friendly light. See how it flits hither and thither, the base offspring of night and darkness! While he thus spoke, the deceitful ignis fatuus vanished.

The false light was extinguished, and the weary traveller thanked the fisherman for his salvation with heartfelt gratitude. The fisherman replied, Should one man leave another in error, and not lead him in the right way? We both have reason to thank God; I, that he selected me as an instrument of good to you—you, that things were so ordered that I should be in my boat on the water just at that moment.

Thereupon the benevolent fisherman left his boat, accompanied the lost pilgrim some distance, and put him in the road to his paternal home. He now travelled on with cheerfulness, and before him in the distance the light of home glimmered between the trees, with silent, modest gleam; and to him doubly delightful, as he had reached it through dangers and wanderings. He knocked, the door was opened, and father, mother, brothers sisters hung upon his neck and kissed him, and wept for joy.—*Krummacher.*

GRIEF AND JOY.—It is easier to conceal great grief, than great joy, though our acquaintances sympathize more with the former than with the latter.

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Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Horiburt, Elijah Post Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitt more.
Acher Town; A. G. Richardson.
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Puckett.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Miesner.
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh H. Vasher.